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Newspaper Clipping from the Glenwood Springs Post, June 27, 1914

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IN these modern times when we are fairly running riot on "days" it is little wonder that we have at last reached the point where we are willing to concede one day to Father, provided there is one day left in the whole calendar that has not already been appropriated.

While it is claimed by some that there are not enough days to go round and that anyway poor old father can very well worry along without a day it seems that the "Fathers' Day" movement started in Spokane, Washington, five years ago by Mrs. John Bruce Dodd has served its probationary period with credit and has at last been officially recognized by both houses of congress and its anniversary was observed last Sunday in enough cities to make it a national festival and so we may safely predict that "Fathers' Day" has come to join the great family of days that has been so very active the past few years.

A few weeks ago it was "Mothers' Day" and from almost every pulpit and platform in the land there rang out the praises of a saintly mother whose chief burden and duty was in setting the little feet in the pathway of duty and rectitude and keeping them there. And now the least we can do for mother, of blessed memory, is to set aside a day in which we may revive her virtues and thus, in a measure at least, make amends for the thoughtlessness and omissions of earlier days when we might have been more considerate of mother, and now wish we had been.

But up to this time we had almost forgotten father and now it seems that at last poor old dad is to have his day. And why not? Why should father go down unheralded and unsung? Many a man of today is forced to admit that his success in life, the honor, the integrity and the uprightness with which he attacks the problems of life, are due to the watchful care and loving counsel of a noble and manly father.

Since Mrs. Dodd started the new movement for "Fathers' Day" her efforts have been seconded by many prominent men and women until the original effort has spread to many other lands and many of the leading publications are now supporting the movement, and last Sunday thousands of sermons appropriate to the day and the sentiment which brought it forth were preached from the pulpits in this and other countries and in many cases red and white roses, the floral emblem of the day, were distributed among the congregations.

And this reminds us of the little poem by Edmund Vance Cooke, entitled

Father

He was not the sort of father that you read about in books;
He wasn't long on language and he wasn't strong on looks.
He was not the sort of father that you hear about in plays—
He was just a human father—sort of quiet in his ways.

Just a sort of family father, fairly sound in wind and limb,
Always ready at the word and not a nasty trick or whim,
Seldom off his feed, never had to be turned out to graze.
Safe for any child to drive and broke to harness forty ways.

Steady at the bit was father; found a lot of fun in working;
Threw his weight against the collar; seemed to have no time for shirking.

Used to smile and say the feed bin kept him steady on the track;
Safe to leave him without hitching; he'd be there when you came back.

No; he never balked at working, but when he was through it once,
Right down to the grass was father, with the children doing stunts.
Everyone would pile upon him, and he'd welcome all the pack,
But I'm wondering, after playtime, did we stay there—on his back?

Wasn't strong on dissipation; said his "gambol on the green"
Was to fill the platter quicker than the kids could lick it clean,
And the next best game he knew of was an equal one to beat;
It was keeping leather covers up to the supply of feet!

Mind! his tailor never told him when his Sunday coat was fitted,
That his wings necessitated wearing shoulders loose or slitted,
And he wasn't any martyr; said that life and love were good
And no man deserved his dinner if he couldn't split the wood.

Always on the job was father, plugging quiet like and strong,
Never making any noise, but helping all his little world along;
And to think, Lord ain't it funny you can see things years and years
And you know they've been there till your eyes are blind with tears.

Quit his job and left us, smiling as he went away
Eulogy seems all so foolish; what can anybody say?
Seemed like even in his leaving he was saving some one bother,
For the one word in the granite which is over him is FATHER.



Last Saturday E. E. Westhafer placed in the window at Taft's drug store a plate of monstrous strawberries from his ranch near the city. They were large and flat and spread out like a butterfly. Those who saw them pronounced them wonders and they certainly did appeal to the people because of their oddity of shape, but we very much prefer the round and uniform varieties. These were of the William Belt variety.



Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Wheatley and little daughter of Grand Valley enjoyed the Strawberry festivities with our folks last Saturday and very properly visited the office of the Glenwood Post. Mr. Wheatley is the editor of the Grand Valley News and although a new settler in the valley, he already holds several offices of confidence and trust, his latest acquisition in that line being the appointment by County Superintendent Westerman as secretary of his school district, the appointment being made to fill a vacancy. Mr. Wheatley is making of the News a very creditable newspaper, something the town has long needed, and the Post wishes him every encouragement in his efforts to make it still better.



The Post has just thrown out the old electric motor which for several years was used to pull all the machinery in the office. This motor which was one of the first electric motors to be installed in Glenwood was purchased second hand about fifteen years ago and was one of the old time machines and naturally it has given us some trouble although we have had a great deal of service out of it. But now it is worn out and must go to the discard. We now have an individual motor on almost every machine in the office and the new motor is used only to pull the big cylinder press and the folder. It is a fine motor, 3-horse power and of the induction pattern. It was built by the General Electric company and furnished and installed by the Glenwood Light and Water company. It is a peach and if you don't believe it, just come in some day and watch it work.



Pete Chadwick, who was for many years a mine superintendent in Garfield county, working at New Castle, Coryell, Sunlight and Gulch, came in last week and is visiting Mrs. Chadwick who has continued to make her home in Glenwood while her husband has been employed in the mining game on the eastern slope. Pete has always been a believer in industrial development which is in the interest of both the capitalist and the laborer, for that means prosperity. He believes when he goes to work for an employer who suits him and whom he is able to please no one else has a right to tell him he must give up his job or shoot him or threaten to shoot him if he continues in his work. On the other hand, if he doesn't like the job and chooses to quit, that's his business, but he has no right to shoot the man who takes his place or dynamite the property because the boss chooses to hire some one whom he does not like. You can call it what you please, but the Post calls it good citizenship.



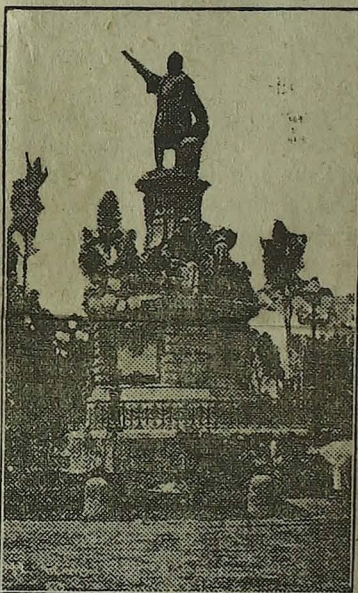
STOCK RANCH FOR SALE OR TRADE

160 acres on Moffat road; 8 miles from Kremmling; 1 mile to flag station; altitude 7,000 feet; 2-story log house, barn 25x25; good spring on place near house. Only about 20 acres cleared and under cultivation, but 60 acres can be cultivated; water right absolutely first-class. Splendid stock country; the best range adjoining this property; might trade for Glenwood city or suburban property. If interested call and ask me about it.

A. J. DICKSON.

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Washington. — "Perhaps nowhere else in the world is there a country so full of contrasts as Mexico," writes William Joseph Showalter to the National Geographic society, at Washington, D. C. "With a university established before John Harvard, Elihu Yale, or William and Mary were born, the masses of its people are hopelessly ignorant. With a hospital founded before Jamestown was ever dreamed of, it is one of the most backward regions of the earth in a medical way. With natural riches greater than those of a thousand Midases, its masses are just as poor as the proverbial church mouse. With a constitution as perfect as any organic law in the civilized world, it is a nation whose rulers



Statue of Columbus, City of Mexico.

always have been a law unto themselves.

"Here you will see a Mexican half-breed, barefooted, wearing a dollar pair of trousers, a fifty-cent shirt, and a ten-dollar sombrero. There, at a single glance and within the length of a single city block, you may see an Indian cargador, a donkey, an ox-cart, a carriage, a railroad train, a street-car, and an automobile—almost every type of locomotion since Adam. You may tread the burning sands of a tropical desert with the wet of the perpetual snow of towering mountains still upon your shoes. You may take a single railway journey of 36 hours in which the people you see at the railroad station will be dressed in four different weights of clothing. Everywhere you turn there is contrast, high lights and deep shadows.

"Mexico probably has a greater range of remarkable vegetation than any other country in the world. The parrot fruit tree produces an odd-shaped fruit, bearing a close resemblance to green parakeets. When the parakeet is frightened it makes a dash for the parrot tree, where it assumes a position which makes it look like the fruit itself. So close is the resemblance that their enemies, the hawks, occasionally fly by a tree on which a dozen or more of these birds are sitting, apparently unaware of their presence. Another remarkable tree is the 'Arbol de Dinamite'—dynamite tree—whose fruit, if kept in a warm place, bursts with considerable force and a loud report, scattering its flat seeds to a surprising distance. One of the most interesting fruits in Mexico is known as the melon zapote, or papaya. It contains considerable pep-

Clipping from

Glenwood Springs, Col., Post
Saturday, June 27, 1914.

AND NOW IT IS "FA"

IN these modern times when we are it is little wonder that we have at last are willing to concede one day to Fa left in the whole calendar that has no

While it is claimed by some that go round and that anyway poor old fa without a day it seems that the "Fa in Spokane, Washington, five years has served its probationary period w officially recognized by both houses c observed last Sunday in enough

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